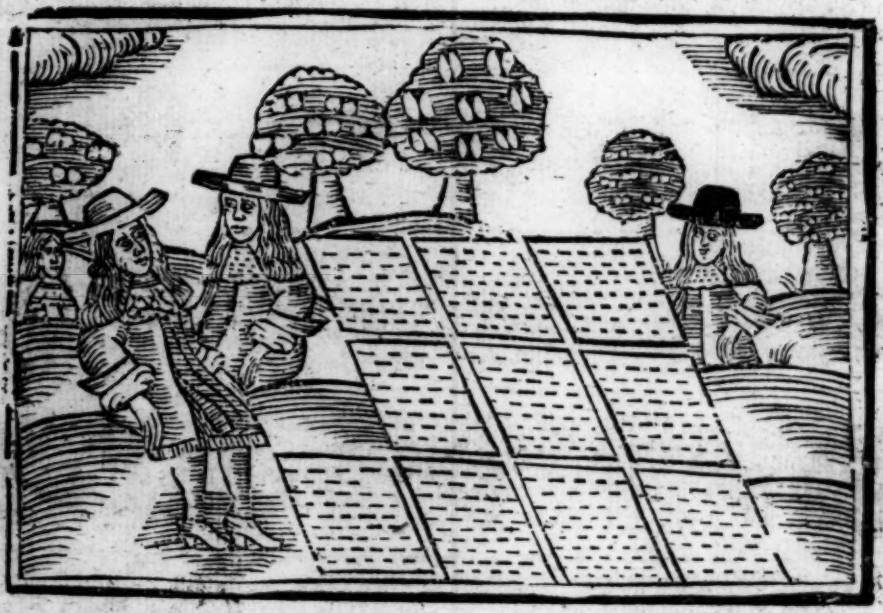
The Ill Fortune of a Younger Brother,
And I wiſh no Mans Fall by ſuch another.

Here in this Song you may behold and find,
What plagues ſome men receive by women-kind;
To the Tune of, *If I ſhould marry a young Wife.*

And to be married young-mens fingers itches,
Although they looſe their *Doublet* & *Breeches.*

With Allowance.



DOwn in a Garden green,
as I abroad was walking;
Where I could not be ſeen,
I heard two Brothers talking;
Come pretty ſit down by me,
and hear what I ſhall ſay:
Dear Brother now adviſe me.

For long time have I lived,
but loath I am to marry;
For fear of my ill chuſing,
which makes me long to tarry:
For Widows they are weariſome,
Maidens they be wanton;
'Tis very true, God mend 'um.

If I ſhould marry a young Wife,
I hold it as a bliſs;
If I ſhould marry a middle-ag'd Wife,
I doubt ſhe has been kiſt:
But if I marry an old Wife,
that ſtore of moneys hath;
Oh, happy man then were I.

If I ſhould marry a young Wife,
perhaps ſhe's given to pride;
If I ſhould marry a middle-ag'd wife,
perhaps ſhe has been try'd:
If I ſhould take an old wife,
ſhe'l freeze by the fire ſide:
Both old and young attend me.

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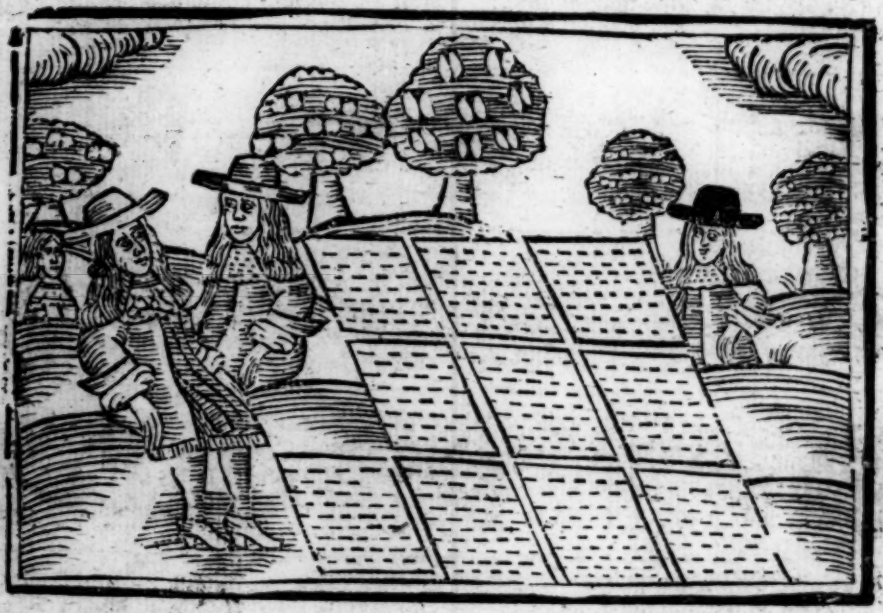

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HOw goes it now dear Brother,
alas how do you fare;
Now you'r quite spoil'd in Marriage,
consum'd with grief and care:
Did not I give you warning,
when you bid me beware:
For all this would you marry.

How goes she in apparel,
delights she not in pride?
No more then birds on bushes,
down by the River side:
She sits trimming in the Looking-glass,
and must not be deny'd,
A whole fore-noon together.

How goes she in her carriage,
does she not pout and lowre?
Oh the Devil is so busie in her,
she cannot hold an hour:
Canst thee not tame the Devil, I say?
O it lies not in my power:
For alas I cannot conjure.

If I go to an Ale-house,
she's there as soon as I:
And strait about my ears
the Pots and Flagons flye;
Then if I see her Cuckold me,
I durst it not deny:
Was ever man so crossed?

She calls me Sot and Logger-head,
and says I am a fool;
She keeps me in obedience,
more then a boy at School;
If I go to make water,
she has me by the Pole,
And scolds six hours after.

She lugs me by the ears,
and pulls me by the nose;
I stand and tremble so in fear,
till I befoul my Hose:
I am so sore I do declare,
with stripes that she me give,
I wish old Nick might fetch her.

No man by any Woman,
was made so much a sot,
In frosty mornings I must rise,
to do I know not what:
And if I do but snort a bed,
kicks do fall to my lot,
She is so much my Master.

You young-men all beware,
what Mate you chuse to Marry;
For if you han't a care,
like me you may miscarry;
For Widdows they be buckish men,
Maidens be false and wary,
I wish I'd not took any.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J Wright, and J. Clark.

By *L. VV.*